of Force. The background of the universe, the heart of the
universe, is surcharged with His Spirit and with His Pre-
sence.
It is His beauty that the artist seeks. It is His law
that the scientist is ever in search of. It is His wisdom that
the philosopher ever longs for. It is His revelation that
the prophet is ever in quest after. He is the store, the fund,
the source and the spring of all life and activity.
He is the fulness of life in all things. He is the life in
that clod of earth which breaks up and crumbles to pieces
and throbs as the seed bursts into the seedling. He is the
life in that little kid gambolling around its mother, look
answering look, bleat echoing bleat, heart pulsating with
heart. He is the life in that little fly, jubjJant in its own
activity, fleeting from flower to flower, here sucking fragrance,
there sucking honey. He is the life of that little natural
singer pouring forth its own inner happiness in carols, in
melting strains, in those songs, the songs of the grove, varied
and harmonised. He is the life of the mysterious heavens
in their processions of glory from infinite to infinite,—the
'life of those radiant orbs measuring out centuries as if they

were only hours, gleaming forth with light, as if in eternal
joy, keeping order for ever and for ever, as if marshalled
out into a mighty army on a holy crusade, aye, holding
together in such inseparable companionship as clusters and
constellations, twin pilgrims to an eternal shine. He is the
life of all creatures in the sweetness and abundance of joy.
He is the august. Eternal life.
I may state in this connection that there is a wonderful
passage! in the Chandogya Upanishad, where, in a dialogue
between *Narada* and *Rishi Sanat Kumava,* the latter says
that the knowledge of the four Vedas, Puranas, etc., is
useless without an insight into the nature of the Spirit of
God. According to him, the knowledge of these books is
a m^re' name. Speech *is* greater than this name, mind